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EDITORIAL COMMENTS.

WITH THE CLOSE of the Football season we turn from the campus to our various college societies and clubs, to get the recreation which our natures demand. Not the least important of these is the McGill Glee and Banjo Club.

Though an organization of but a few years, its development has been rapid and has already approached the hopes and aims of its founder. Its success is due to the excellent basis on which it has been founded and also to the untiring efforts of its promoters.

The officers and members of the Club, however, think that McGill as a whole does not give them the encouragement they deserve. While they do not desire any pecuniary aid, they do think that when a concert is given by the club, the professors and students should turn out to it in large numbers,—in fact, that they should attend *en masse*.

As its name implies, the McGill Glee and Banjo Club consists of two parts—vocal and instrumental. The instrumental part is composed of guitars and

banjos; the vocal portion consists of four parts, and is unlimited as regards numbers, so long as all the parts are balanced.

The glees learned are of a higher order of college songs than those usually found in the song-books.

The advantages to the students and to the University in having such an organization are greater than one would imagine. It gives to the students the opportunity of improving what musical talent they possess, to the University it gives such an advertisement as could be had in no other way. Not only in Montreal and Ottawa but all over the Lower Provinces has the McGill Glee and Banjo Club brought the name of McGill to the notice of the public. The trip which the Club took to the Lower Provinces last spring proved so successful that McGill has come to be a household word in every town the Club visited.

We are pleased to inform the readers of the FORTNIGHTLY that a concert will be given during the winter. We hope that whenever and wherever the Glee Club sings, the students will, by attending in large numbers, give the encouragement desired.

THE PAST FEW days have shown us perhaps a little too forcibly that winter, if not here, is close at hand, and at such a time nothing is more natural than for us to think about and make preparations for that season. In some directions there is ample occasion to think and opportunity to act.

With the winter, at McGill, end all our pleasant days upon the campus. There are no college clubs for winter sports, and, consequently, the tennis racket, cricket bat and football are laid away with a sigh. It is of course impossible to extend the tennis, cricket and football season, but the sigh might be made less audible, might perhaps vanish, could something be furnished to take the place of these sports.

The idea of an open air skating rink upon the college grounds is one that solves the problem admirably, and certainly commends itself to the majority of undergraduates. With it the other sports would be less missed, if missed at all, and the student enabled to take most invigorating exercise during that portion of the session in which, on account of the increase of work, he greatly requires it.

Steps are now being taken with this end in view, and apparently all that is needed to secure what would prove not only a source of enjoyment but an object of practical worth, is a well organized and decisive movement by the undergraduates themselves. It is to be hoped that this will not be lacking, and that we may soon realize the advantages of having a skating rink upon our own grounds.

WE WOULD DRAW attention to what, in our opinion, is a matter which ought to be remedied by the Students of McGill: we refer to the variety of ribbons with which a large number of the students bedeck themselves by wearing these ornaments in their hats or on their coats. Now, it is surely a very poor show of loyalty to their Alma Mater if these men prefer to wear the ribbon of another college or school in preference to or even to wear two or three others besides that of McGill. When a man comes to college he ought certainly to enter into the life of the college, and should not be ashamed to wear the colours of the institution of which he is a member. To those Freshmen and others who wear the ribbons of the different schools at which they have been severally educated, we would suggest that they discard these and not be ashamed of being counted a member of such an institution as McGill.

OBITUARY.

The sad news reached McGill this past week of the death of one of her brilliant graduates.

Peter Henry leRossignol, who graduated in Practical Chemistry in 1891, and in spite of unusual physical disadvantages won many honors throughout his course and the highest esteem of his fellow-students.

At graduation he received prizes in chemistry, both practical and theoretical, experimental physics, mathematical physics, mineralogy, blow-piping and zoology. His first appointment was to the position of chemist at the Iron Mills, Radnor Forges, and from there he moved to Ottawa, where he was assistant chemist at the Experimental Farm, which position he held at the time of his death. He died at his home in Toronto on Wednesday, November 14th, 1894.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the MCGILL FORTNIGHTLY:

DEAR SIR,

Being one of the many students in the University who are deeply interested in the question of a University Theatre night, and who feel convinced that the question has a more important bearing on College politics—if I may use the term—than would appear to an outsider, I venture to make a suggestion as to its solution.

It may be fairly granted that every year has seen an advance toward the creation of a University night, and I feel sure that most of those who have heard the opinions expressed at the joint meetings held this year, for the purpose of coming to a mutual understanding, will bear me out when I say, that we came so nearly agreeing upon all points this year that, unless a distinct retrogression occurs before next fall, a University Theatre night of some kind is almost a certainty in 1895.

In order that this may be made the more certain, I beg to make the following suggestion: That the present Junior, Sophomore and Freshmen years in Arts, Medicine, Science and Veterinary Science, and the Second and First Years in Law, each elect a representative during the present term, who would constitute a "Committee of Negotiation," and that this committee should simply exist for the purpose of endeavoring to arrange for a University Theatre night in 1895. When this committee has been elected, it could meet this session, and sign on behalf of and with the approbation of the Years represented, an agreement to the effect that next session no Faculty or no Year should themselves take, or authorize to be taken, any steps towards securing a theatre or otherwise arranging for theatre night, until this committee meet again in the fall, to see if terms agreeable to all the Faculties could not be reached; and that, in the event of it being impossible to attain the much desired end, they then agree upon their respective theatres; and in the further event of not being able to agree upon the theatre each party is to take, that the question be decided by lot.

If, Mr. Editor, this or some similar suggestion were acted upon, it would eradicate what has been for three years the greatest obstacle to a mutual understanding, namely, that each party has felt in the past that they were bound to place themselves in a somewhat secure position by bespeaking a theatre, before entering into negotiations, for fear that the negotiations would fail, and these arrangements themselves invariably arouse a spirit of hostility, which,

although it is good-natured, is nevertheless a very serious obstacle to a satisfactory settlement.

Hoping that you may consider it worth while to publish this rather unfinished suggestion,

I remain,

Yours faithfully,

S. CARMICHAEL.

CONTRIBUTIONS

THE RIGHT USE OF BOOKS.

LECTURE TO THE DELTA SIGMA SOCIETY OF
MCGILL UNIVERSITY BY MRS. ASHLEY CARUS-
WILSON, B.A. LOND.

"The time has come," said the Mistress of Girton College, Cambridge, to me lately, "when the average girl goes to College." That means that the opportunities of higher culture, which Canada has so promptly followed the lead of the Old Country in offering to her women, are frankly recognized as fitting the exceptional woman for exceptional work, in some cases, and in many more cases as fitting the average woman for what is not only the most ancient but also the most common and withal the most honorable vocation that a woman can have, the vocation of homemaker. I propose therefore to speak of the right use of books, as it concerns not the learned literary woman, but the woman who finds time for the duty and pleasure of reading among many other occupations.

Right use of books means *right motive, right matter and right method* in our reading, which we will deal with in order.

Think of the last book you read, and ask yourself quite honestly this question: "Why did I read it?" Will any of these answers be yours: "Because I was asked to read it. Because I was expected to read it. Because I wanted to keep up my reputation as well-informed and studious. Because I had heard the book talked of, and I wanted to be able to talk of it also. Because the book looked amusing, and I wished for some amusement." I do not say that reasons such as these ought not to account for reading in the sense of glancing through published matter as we glance through a newspaper. But ought they to account for any reading worth lecturing about?

The true reason for reading in the true sense is well suggested in one of the happy mottoes graven in the windows of the Library given to McGill University by the late Mr. Peter Redpath. It consists of but two words, *ψυχῆν ἰατρειὸν*, "healing of the soul," which we may take in the larger sense of *keeping* in health rather than the smaller sense of *restoring* to health. You

dined and walked out yesterday, because you wished to keep your body healthy by means of nourishment and exercise. Now, the mind like the body has a twofold need of nourishment and exercise. Would you plead exemption from your dinners and walks of this week because you dined and walked regularly some years ago? How then can you shape this excuse: "I read regularly in my schooldays or in my first year of leisure when school and college days were at an end. Now I have many other things to do, and may forego the habit."

I cannot say too strongly to those whose college days are not in the past tense: "Use to the uttermost your present opportunity for strenuous study. It will be over all too soon, and it will never occur again." And to those for whom "the trivial round, the common task" have once for all limited that opportunity, I would say: "Never resign yourself to the thought that for you intellectual pursuits, however delightful, are things of the past." Starvation is a slow process, with imperceptible stages. Up to a certain point, mind and body may be left without food. Nature in both cases wards off inevitable consequences by using up the results of past nutrition. For a time we continue to exist if we cannot be said to live; but it is for a time only. Nor can the frame that is constantly passive retain its vigor and agility. We do take to heart the fact that we dare not leave our bodies unnourished and unexercised. At the cost of thought and effort, let us take to heart the equally certain fact that we dare not leave our minds unnourished and unexercised either.

You may reply: "My mind is already fully exercised with some regular work of teaching, writing or correspondence. Is not this enough?"

Let a writer and a teacher answer the question. A well-known journalist tells us that although his daily employment is wholly intellectual, he makes a principle of devoting one morning hour always to some "solid" book not immediately connected with his writing. One of the greatest teachers who ever lived writes thus to a friend and pupil:—"I am satisfied that a neglected intellect is far oftener the cause of mischief to a man than a perverted or overvalued one!.....I hold that a man is only fit to teach so long as he is himself learning daily. If the mind once becomes stagnant, it can give no fresh draught to another mind; it is drinking out of a pond instead of a spring."—(*Life and Letters of Dr. Arnold of Rugby*, Vol. II., p. 85.)

To the busy teacher especially comes the temptation to live from hand-to-mouth intellectually; to teach what was learned long ago as it was learned then; or to take in merely what must be given out immediately. We need to remind ourselves continually that parts of a subject, even its elementary

parts, cannot be taught successfully unless the teacher continues to study it as a whole apart from the daily demand of the class room.

For those also whose ordinary duties are less intellectual, there is in a still higher degree need of some kind of mental exercise. Lack of this too often means degeneration of the bright, intelligent youth or girl into the dull, common-place, harassed man or woman.

Lastly, our motto tells us that culture, however delightful, does not satisfy the deepest needs of our nature. It is the healing of the *soul*, but not of that highest self which we call the *spirit*. The best possible illustration of what it can and of what it cannot do for a man is to be found in the autobiography of that remarkable and highly cultured man, John Stuart Mill. Having learned more than we are any of us likely to learn, he yet failed to find a satisfactory answer to the question: Is life worth living?

The homely analogy from bodily needs suggested above helps us to solve the problem of *Right Matter* in our reading also.

A healthy appetite finds satisfaction in every kind of wholesome food, and almost every branch of study affords healthy exercise to the mind. But neither mind nor body can flourish on what is not nutritious.

All the books in the world may be divided into four classes:

- (1) Those containing bad matter, badly written.
- (2) Those containing bad matter, well written.
- (3) Those containing good matter, badly written.
- (4) Those containing good matter, well written.

The first of those four classes is quite without attraction for the educated reader, so I may pass it by with the remark that it is in the power of each of us to do something to keep it out of the hands of others, to whom it too often means that the ability to decipher a printed page is a curse rather than a blessing.

Concerning the second class, let me quote the words of a delightful author, known to most of us, addressed to a large gathering at the Liverpool Conference of Women Workers in 1891. Mrs. Molesworth there said:—"Do not be in a hurry to read a book just because everybody is reading it; do not feel ashamed not to have seen the book of the season. It may sometimes prove a very blessed thing for you never to see it at all. Far better miss altogether the reading of the cleverest book that ever was written than soil your mind and memory *in the very least*; far better to be laughed at as prudish or behind the day, than risk any contact with the mental or moral pitch which is so very hard quite to rub off again... To my sorrow I could name some recent English novels, written, I am assured, with the best motives, and supposed to be suited to young readers, which I

should shrink from putting into the hands of such almost more than an honestly coarse mediæval romance."

Ignorance and indifference as to the dangers arising from the third class of books are so common that I must dwell on them for a space. In times of old there was such a thing as "universal learning." Hippias in the days of Pericles, Scaliger in the days of the Renaissance, were veracious if not truthful when they declared that they knew all there was to know and had read all there was to read. Infinite as they are in reality, for those famous scholars the bounds of the knowable were strictly limited. The world is older now and knowledge is wider. When thirst for knowledge is first awakened in early youth, we vaguely hope to learn everything: we are "universally curious." But ere youth is left behind, we find out that we must be content to leave many books unread and many paths of knowledge unexplored. Let us then choose wisely what we will learn, for this at any rate is true.

Ach Gott! Die kunst ist lang,
Und kurz ist unser Leben"

Goethe puts these words into the lips of Wagner, who stands for a type of those who are content to accumulate any kind of knowledge without pausing to consider whether it is worth accumulating.

In a wider sense we must each, like Dr. Johnson's "Rasselas," make our "choice of life." For lack of resolution to do so, many drift on, and find their best years slipping from them ere they have accomplished anything. Others choose amiss. Have you never known men and women capable of doing useful though perhaps humble work of other kinds who waste themselves over worthless MSS, writing, though they have no new truths to give to the world nor any old truths to teach in a new way or to a new audience? The MSS replenish the waste-paper baskets of second rate magazines, their writers join the doleful ranks of "the great unappreciated" with a quarrel against the world in general and against publishers and editors in particular. Even clever men sometimes know not how best to use their powers. Did not Frederick of Prussia, greatest soldier of his age, carry reams of bad verses in his pockets?

If then as workers we must choose wisely among things worth doing, and as readers among books worth reading, have we not a cogent reason for avoiding both unprofitable pursuit and valueless books, since we choose both at the expense of leaving good work undone and worthy books unread?

Again, inferior writing must lower our own standard of thought and expression. A distinguished author once described to me his vow as a young student to read no book that was not *literature* for two years. At the end of that time he had learned

once for all "to approve the things that differ," that is, "to prove the things that are excellent." St Paul's phrase, *δοκιμάζειν τὰ διαφέροντα* bears either interpretation.

Here we touch upon a distinction not always recognized. The three classes of books hitherto discussed have nothing to do with *literature*. Such expressions as "inferior literature," "pernicious literature," are contradictions.

Men write for money, and make it. Such writing is and may be praiseworthy but it does not produce common literature.

Men write for fame and win it. Such writing is common, and need not be ignoble, but it may lack the true inspiration of literature.

Men write to amuse. Such writing is very common. It may be harmless, but it has no place in literature. And scanning the pages of some trashy weekly to beguile the hours of a long railway journey has nothing to do with *reading* worthy of the name. Would that trash have so large a sale if people were not afraid to be left alone with their own thoughts?

Men write to edify. Such writing, though more honourable than some we have noted, is not necessarily literature. A religious writer, whose works are beyond all question literature, once remarked to me that it is a pity that so many people imagine that the only qualification needed for writing a religious book is being religious. Rather let the grandest of themes claim the greatest powers we possess.

What then is the true nature and the true motive of literature? Let me give you Milton's famous definition of the one, and an equally good definition of the other from the works of his contemporary Henry More, the "Cambridge Platonist":

"Books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them, to be as active as that soul whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. As good almost kill a man as kill a good book; a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life." —(*Areopagitica*).

More says he will be satisfied if "by thoughts rudely scattered in his verse he may lend men light till the dark night be gone."

To be Continued

WHAT POETS THINK OF POETRY.

Poetry has been variously defined as "A criticism of Life", "The beautiful representation of the beautiful, given in Words", "The thought that lies in

things", "The presentment in musical form, to the imagination, of noble grounds for the noble emotions" (Ruskin), and "Imitation by words" (Aristotle). Aristotle and Dryden, with many others, consider invention the prime requisite of poetry, although the latter in his advice to poets lays great stress upon form. Other writers insist that "Metre is the first and only condition absolutely demanded by poetry".

These definitions do not seem to guide the critics to any material extent, for we find Swinburne condemning Byron and lauding Coleridge, while Matthew Arnold upholds Byron, and Ruskin assails Coleridge. There is consolation to the inglorious but not mute Miltons, whose productions fail to receive that print dress to which young authors aspire, in the knowledge that even poets of the first rank are not poets at all in the eyes of some critics.

The question as to what constitutes poetry has hitherto been approached from the inductive standpoint. This critic and that has theorized concerning poets and poetry according to his own idiosyncracies, and subsequently attempted to fit the man and his work to the theory, rejecting such as did not accord with it. A better understanding of the subject may be reached by reversing the process, ascertaining what fundamental characteristics are present in the best poets, and afterwards advancing towards theory. But, in arriving at our conclusions, we must not neglect to take into consideration the peculiar views of each poet, eliminating, as it were, his individuality. The objective poet, for example, as was Browning, keeps one excluded from his own heart; while the subjective poet, like Burns, takes one into all his confidence and unveils his whole soul. Some poets would point a moral and depict ideals. Others are content to record things as they are and leave the moral to take care of itself, which is sincere flattery to Nature. Browning sings:

"Only a learner
Quick one or slow one.
Just a discernor,
I would teach no one.
I am earth's native,—
No re-arranging it.
I be creative,
Chopping and changing it?"

The first fundamental similarity we find among great poets is their assiduous communing with Nature, and we may always distinguish the disciple from the master by noting which one goes straight to Nature for inspiration and which seeks inspiration in the other only. The one is a sun, shining with his own light; the other is but a planet, or at best a moon, glimmering for a space with stolen illumination.

..... "To the solid ground
Of Nature trusts the mind that builds for aye,
Convinced that there, there only can she lay
Secure foundations."

Says Wordsworth ; and he says again and again in various ways :

"Thy art be Nature ; the live current quaff."

Pope, considered one of the most artificial of poets, says in his precise way :

"First follow Nature, and your judgment frame
By her just standard, which is still the same.
Unerring Nature, still divinely bright,
One clear, unchanged and universal light."

It is not necessary to emphasize this point by further citations. On nature alone are all mortal concepts based, and they cannot be based on anything else. Happy the man and the poet who reads nature aright and takes her at first hand !

There are various ways of studying Nature, however : that, for example, of the pessimist and that of the optimist. Let us see if the poets give us any rules for guidance in this respect.

"Whether the muse or love call thee his mate,
Both them I serve, and of their train am I."

is what Milton has to say for our guidance ; and Walter Savage Landor sings, in a charming lyric :

"I doubt if heaven itself could part
A tuneful tongue and tender heart."

Shelly, in his ode to "Intellectual Beauty," cries :

"Love, only Love : a wind which o'er the wires
Of the soul's giant harp....
There is a mood that language faints beneath."

Wordsworth also insists that nature must be studied with love,

"Love, blessed love is everywhere
The spirit of my song.
Mid groves and by the calm fireside
Love animates my lyre."

and his successor to the laureateship "from the brows of him who uttered nothing base" has the well known stanza :

"The poet in a golden clime was born,
With golden stars above.
Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love."

and Tennyson says again, speaking of the garden of poetry :

"In the middle leaps a fountain
..... Ever drawn
From the brain of the purple mountain
.....
And the mountain draws it from heaven above
And it sings a song of undying love."

Victor Hugo and Gœthe are not silent on this point.

The illustrious Frenchman says in "The Poet's Function" :

"Hear in shade the voice of love ;
Find in gloom the light of day —
Light that gleams with tender ray,
Voice that whispers from above."

and the great German lilt thus :

"A plan the muses entertained
Methodically to impart
To Psyche the poetic art
Prosaic pure her soul remained,

No wondrous sounds escaped her lyre,
E'en in the fairest summer night.
But Amor came with glance of fire ;
The lesson soon was learned aright."

It is manifest from the words of the poets that Nature should be studied affectionately. As Thompson has it :

"'Tis love creates their melody, and all
This waste of music is the voice of love."

The poet should hate nothing that God has made, yet be

"Trained to judgment righteously severe."

and should prefer beauty to ugliness, virtue to vice. Some poets maintain their right to sing, as the realistic school of novelists do, of the vile ; but the majority are not such : Swinburne, who in literature has transgressed against the canons of morality, nevertheless, sings :

"With all love of all things loveliest
Gave thy soul power to make them more divine."

and Browning says :

"You hold things loveliest the best."

re-echoing Gœthe's

"He plucks the flowers that fairest seem."

while Thompson writes :

"Beauty deserves the homage of the muse
.....
Beauty I'll sing in my sublimest lays.
I burn to give her just immortal praise."

and again he says :

"..... Yon breathing prospect bids the muse
Throw all her beauty forth. But who can paint
Like nature ? Can Imagination boast
Amid its gay creation hues like hers ?

Pope, in a couplet, as usual crystallizes much :

"Life, force and beauty must to all impart
At once the source and end and test of Art."

It is one of the most significant truths of life that beauty is more pleasing to even the vilest than hideousness. The world is steering downward, and the true poet, when he takes his turn at the helm, if he does not think it his duty to lay a straighter course, at least will not endeavor to alter the direction of the ship of life one degree to the worse. He is one of the

"Mighty masters of the lay,
Nature's true sons, the friends of man and truth,"

as James Beattie sings.

This little quotation brings us to another prime necessity in poetry, its truth, either the dim elusive shapes of truth which alike delight and torment the soul, or the logical truth recognized by the intellect, which may be considered as bearing the same relation to the other species of truth as the body does to the soul which inhabits it. The poet finds and expresses truth everywhere.

"In common things that round him lie
Some random truths he can impart."

and

"Verse can build a princely throne
On humble truth."

In many cases, while pursuing this phase of his art, the poet merely records the thoughts common to human kind. Browning says :

"Your brains eat into rhythm, you tell
What we felt only."

But the power of finding truth is greater in the poet than in others. He is gifted with the seeing eye. Swinburne in his poem of Beaudelaire says :

"Thou sawest, in thine old singing season, brother,
Secrets and sorrows unbeheld of us;
Fierce loves and lovely leaf-buds poisonous
Bare to thy subtle eye, but for none other.
.....
And with each face thou sawest the shadow on each
Seeing, as men sow, men reap."

and of Victor Hugo the same writer says :

"For thee man's spirit stood
Disrobed of flesh and blood,
And bare the heart of the most secret hours."

Wordsworth reiterates the same idea :

"He whose experienced eye can pierce the array
Of past events ; to whom in vision clear
The aspiring heads of future things appear,
Like mountain tops whose mists have rolled away."

and again in speaking of the poet, he says :

"For he hath waking empire wide as dreams,
An ample sovereignty of eye and ear."

Browning speaks of the poet as

"Scenting the world, looking it full in the face
The general-in-chief
Through a whole campaign of the world's life and death."

Tennyson says of the poet :

"He saw through life and death, through good and ill,
He saw through his own soul,
The marvel of the everlasting will
An open scroll."

Tennyson, Wordsworth and others insist that the poet must be a seer, a prophet. Tennyson says :

"And the nightingale thought : I have sung many songs,
But never a song so gay;
For he sings of what the world will be
When the years have died away."

The poet is called upon to do more than merely see. Mrs. Browning writes in a sonnet :

"The poet hath the child's sight in his breast
And sees all New. What oftenest he has viewed
He views with the first glory ; fair and good
Pall never on him at the fairest, best."

Neither should the poet be a coward, at least not in mental conflicts. He should be "doing the king's work all the dim day long."

"How oft the malice of one luckless word
Pursues the enthusiast to the social board
.....
Yet he repines not if his thought stand clear
At last of hindrance and obscurity."

is what Wordsworth cries, while Tennyson prays ;

"Mine be the strength of spirit, full and free
Like some broad river rushing down alone.
.....
Mine be the power which over to its sway
Will win the wise at once, and by degrees
May into uncongenial spirits flow."

and he demands of the poet that he be subject only to freedom and wisdom, as will be seen in his poem "The Poet."

Do these citations enable us to form any conclusion regarding the nature of poetry and the character which the poet must possess? It seems to me that they do so in a manner ; and yet there is not one of these requisites which may not be found in masters of prose or which may not with propriety be demanded of them. We perhaps demand of the poet greater love, a more faithful allegiance to all things beautiful and a greater exaltation of soul than we do of the prose writer, yet we find all these at times in the latter without finding in him the voice of a great poet. It is not the poet alone who preserves

"..... the dignity of man
With soul erect."

or only the poet who

"..... holds the future fast
Accepts the coming ages duty
Their present for this past."

Perhaps we may, however, find some special characteristic of the poet in his power of showing us the truth in a new light and instituting comparisons between seemingly incongruous facts. Metaphor and simile are tools belonging to him, and when the prose writer uses them well we speak of his work as poetic.

While the poet finds sustenance upon earth, he nevertheless sings in the sky, like the lark. In the womb of nature lie all things mortal and the possibility of all mortal thoughts, and it seems to be one duty of the poet to make known to his fellows the unseen universe of "high hopes and unseen flying forms of powers" and "lend to aery nothings a local habitation and a name." Swinburne speaks of

"Fair living things made to thy will of old,
Born of thy lips, no birth of mortal mould,
That in the world of song about thee wait
Where thought and truth are one and manifold."

while Wordsworth speaks of the poet thus :

"Rich are his walks with supernatural cheer.
The region of his inner spirit teems
With vital sounds and monitory gleams
Of high astonishment and pleasing fear."

We demand intensity of the poet, either intensity of mere beauty or sweetness, as in descriptive verse or lyrics, or the intensity of thought and truth to be found in lengthier masterpieces, and we pardon nothing commonplace, as we do in prose.

Jewellers set diamonds in little spirals for ear-rings that every slightest motion of the wearer sets the gem dancing and sparkling, and in like manner the poet works. Every true poem is a diamond of truth set in a spiral of golden words.

And golden words they must be ! Metre, from the standpoint of every poet, by example if not by pre-

cept, is a prime necessity to poetry. Swinburne, whose wonderful command over words makes him perhaps a prejudiced witness, speaks of

"Strength and heat of spirit to pierce
All forms of cloud and color, that disperse
And leave the spirit of beauty to remould
In types of clear, chryselephantine verse."

and again of

"Words more golden than fine gold
To carve in shapes more glorious than of old
.....
Wrought with fire of joy and light of tears
In words divine, as deeds that grow thereof,
Such music as he swoons with love who hears."

From the utterances of the poets themselves it would seem that metre is a prime necessity and that the language must be excellently well chosen. The poet must be true to Nature, fearless in utterance and with a heart tender yet severely just to all human weakness. He may, it appears, abstain from comment in his presentation of life or nature, yet in his heart of hearts should have for his purpose the glorification of beauty and the purpose of teaching that "as men sow men reap." He must feel that sin is disease, repentance convalescence, and virtue health. He must be far and deep seeing, reading not merely the future but the truths that lie hidden from his fellow-men in humble things. To him the realm of the ideal should be open, "where thought and truth are one and manifold," and we should be able to arise from a perusal of his work with a soul encouraged to accept its round of daily duties, and a mind made glad with a vision of beauty or more profoundly instructed in the workings of the Creator who works towards perfection in us all. No single phrase can attempt a definition of poetry without failing. Wherever nature is, there lies poetry asleep, and with each new truth discovered a new stop is added to the majestic organ of harmony. All that can be said is that poetry is the mirror of the world, which by some magic art reflects an image more beautiful than fact and yet none the less true in its deepest meaning. In the beautiful body it shows us the beautiful soul, and it possesses the power also of showing us the soul of beauty which dwells behind the substance scarred and aged by the warfare of life and the passage of years.

Montreal.

ARTHUR WEIR.

SHAKESPEARE'S GARDEN.

Read at a meeting of the Folk-Lore Society.

A competent authority has stated that of the English wild flowers, Shakespeare mentions about fifteen, some of them several times. Of exotic flowers, such as were cultivated in the scanty gardens of his

period, he mentions nine or ten. Of trees and shrubs, exotics included, there are notices of about twenty-five. Of fruits, whether ripened in England, or imported from foreign countries, about thirty. Vegetables are spoken of in about the same proportion.

It would not be fair to take these as constituting the whole of the Flora of the Elizabethan time as known to Shakespeare, since many other trees and flowers might have been familiar to him without receiving mention in his works. Still, we know, that in comparison with our day, the gardens, hedge-rows and meadows,—aye, and even the orchards, must have presented a very scanty aspect.

The best idea of the matter is furnished by the present garden of New Place, at Stratford-upon-Avon, the retreat in which the poet designed to pass the "remainder end" of his days, had they not been cut short by an unskilfully-treated fever,—where Mr. J. O. Halliwell (Phillips) has planted all the flowers which might have been there in Shakespeare's time, not, we believe, restricting himself to those actually mentioned in the poet's works.

How greatly Shakespeare's garden must have differed from the garden of modern times may there be seen. Since his day the floral treasures of the country have been lost in the blaze and glory of an innumerable influx of novelties from all quarters of the globe. We have entered on the development of a new species of floriculture, if we may give it the name. Exhausting flowers, we have betaken ourselves to the culture of leaves, and the modern garden is partly made up of variegated foliage in all its capricious splendour.

A greater change still is that which has come over us in the arrangement of what we possess. It is not, of course, possible to realize with any certainty the sort of garden to which the poet inclined. It might have been of the Italian style, and laid out with a certain formality and pedantic exactness, for such retreats were the vogue of the day. But even supposing this, it must have been a very different thing to the formal gardening of to-day. Dutch taste had not then invaded England, nor had there been experienced any of those influences which have resulted in what has been happily termed the *kamptulicon* variety with which we are familiar. A geometrical figure, wrought in colours, with a severity that admits not of the faintest deviation from the most rigid exactness—this is the model garden of to-day, more resembling confectioner's work than anything pertaining to the gardener's calling. This is the highest triumph of the art as now practised in which nature is dispensed with as a superfluous factor, and the "loves of the plants" and the "loves of the triangles" seem to have become somehow identical.

For very good reasons gardens may be divided

into the *ante* and the *post* Shakespearian kinds. An entire change came with the invention of the green-house, which did not take place until three years after Shakespeare's death,—namely, in 1619, if we are to accept the statement that we owe the idea to Solomon de Caus, architect to the Elector Palatine; and without this means of protecting plants from bad weather, our modern gardening could not have become an accomplished fact. Not only is it true, as Cowper puts it, that

“Who loves a garden loves a green-house too.”

but without a green-house a garden in the modern sense would be impossible.

That the gardens of the aristocracy were comparatively formal affairs may be conceded—that in which the business of Malvolio and the cross-garters occurred, for instance—but we are persuaded that Shakespeare's was what Tennyson happily termed a “careless ordered garden.” We can imagine him with his broad sympathies and comprehensive love of Nature, taking delight in no other. Be sure it was the place in which the flowers grew in profuse luxuriance, much as Nature left them, taste indicating some rough outline of arrangement, while skill and industry kept redundancies within bounds, and preserved a certain trimness as agreeable to the eye. Probably, as a rule no strict distinction was made between fruits and flowers. The mulberry tree grew in the centre, and the apricots and pears on the walls, and the rest was given up to the flowers, which might even have been intruded on by the vegetables, and no great harm done, for some of the vegetables are pleasant to the eye in certain stages, and even the vulgar cabbage, with ample leaves of glaucous green, dew besprent, is not an object wanting in beauty.

The flowers of the garden being so few, the great poet naturally embraced those wildings of Nature with which the hedges and meadows abounded. And it is in his descriptions of these that he so especially excels. He is always right as to the time of their flowering,—not jumbling together those of different seasons, as inferior poets so often do; and when he has occasion to note their peculiarities, this is often done in a word, and then always the right word,—and, if not, then in a beautiful and suggestive sentence. Take the famous passage of Proserpine's arm-ful, by way of example; *the daffodils* earliest among blossoms, “come before the swallow dares,” and take the winds of March “with beauty”—the *violets* are “dim,” that is, dimly seen among the fresh leaves, and their characteristic is sweetness; they are “*sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes or Cytherea's breath*”;—the *primroses* are pale and fleeting—pale by contrast with other yellow blossoms of the spring and lost before summer, or, as he puts it, “*bright. Phœbus in his strength.*”

In “*Cymbeline*” the dead Fidele's face is likened in hue to the “pale primrose”; her veins to the “*azur'd harebell*”; and her breath to the “*leaf of eglantine*,”—not the flower, which does not come till afterwards, later in the year.

The allusion in the same passage to the “*furr'd moss*” gives the texture of the moss in a word.

In the “*Tempest*” we have the “*toothed briar*,” and that exquisite line

“The banks with peonies and lillied brims.”

On two occasions we have references to the marked peculiarity of the *cowslip*. Imogen has a mole *cinque*, spotted like the crimson drops in “the bottom of a cowslip,” and elsewhere the “*cowslips tall*” are described as the pensioners of the Fairy Queen—her “*Yeomen of the Guard*” in fact and “*in their gold coats spots we see*” these “*be rubies, fairy favours*.” Ophelia's flowers are not described; but the catalogue of them indicates another kind of knowledge possessed by the poet,—that of their varied local names and significance. Take the rue for example,—“we may call it herb o' grace o' Sundays” is the quaint remark and it was so called because “*rue*” signified “*ruth*” or sorrow, and he “whom God loveth, he chasteneth.”

These are the words which Ophelia utters:—“There's *rosemary*, that's for remembrance, pray, love, remember; and there is *pansies*, that's for thoughts. There's *fennel* for you, and *columbines*; there's *rue* for you, and here's some for me; we may call it herb o' grace o' Sundays; you may wear your rue with a difference. There's a *daisy*,—I would give you some *violets*, but they withered all when my father died.”

Another interesting point in connection with this matter is the way in which the names of flowers as used by Shakespeare have come down to us. A Stratford writer has given some valuable evidence on this point. For instance, the white clover, full of sweetness, is still called “*honey-stalks*,” and when we read “nothing seems but hateful docks, rough thistles, kexes, burs,” we know that “*kex*” is still a local word. Ophelia's “*long-purple*,” the arum spike, still bears that name, and the other she names “*dead men's fingers*” as well as that “*grosset name*” which the “*liberal shepherds*” give it. Her *buttercups*, too, are still known as “*corn-flowers*”; the lesser *celandines* are “*cuckoo-buds*,” and *pansies* “*love in idleness*.”

The fruits too retain the names the poet has made familiar to us. One may still have a “*warden*” pear, or one of the “*leathern coats*” with the like of which Davy served Justice Shallow. “The apple-John” which Falstaff could not endure is still seen in English orchards, with the tempting but deceptive “*pome-water*.” (See *Love's Labour's Lost*. Act 4, Scene 2.)

Innumerable changes have come over England in the long interval since the poet wrote, but these things remain unchanged, and his use of the homely words may have helped to perpetuate them.

I may take the name "kex" as an illustration. There are several forms of the word "kex,"—"keck and kecks," "kecksy and kecksies"; it is a name given in several of the counties in England to many of the larger *umbelliferae*, sometimes confined to their dry, hollow stems, as in Suffolk and in my own county, Essex. Probably it was first applied only to the stems, but transferred afterwards to the plants themselves. In Lincolnshire anything hollow like a "kex" is called "kecky." In Cheshire when celery has a tendency to run to seed, it is spoken of as being "kecksy."

To be Continued.

POETRY.

MCGILL.

(Published through kindness McGill Song Book Committee). :

Should the reservoir break,
And its effluence take
A precipitous course down the hill,
The waters might cover,
They never could smother,
Our dear old mother M'Gill.
Should her stocks go to smash,
Should her bonds and her cash
Be purloined from the Governors' till,
There still would be plenty
Fair maidens of twenty
Less sought than old mother M'Gill.

CHO:—M'Gill, M'Gill, a mother we're proud of, she
Her true, her true, her dutiful children, we.

Should the lightning come down
On her weather-beat crown,
Should the flames batten on her at will,
'Mid sorrow we'd praise her,
From ruins we'd raise her,
We'd rally round mother M'Gill.

E'en imperious Time
Has accounted it crime,
To use her, as he uses us, ill;
The years make us hoary,
But only bring glory
And homage, to mother M'Gill.

McGill, McGill, a mother, *etc.*
She has given us more
Than a tarnishing store
Of treacherous, beggarly gold;
She has given us treasures
Of labors and pleasures,
And friends who will never grow old.

We will echo her fame,
And our lineage claim,
And exalt her, embellish, caress;
To her throughout æons
Shall rise joyful pæans,
From voices of thousands who bless.

McGill, McGill, a mother, *etc.*

C. W. COLBY.

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada in the year 1894, by Charles William Colby, at the Department of Agriculture,

WAIT.

Impatient youth, dost thou aspire
Achievement's hill to climb?
Deem first the strength thou wilt require;
Toil yet and bide thy time.

The morning star sheds lucent beams
Athwart the verge of night;
But linger till the dawning streams
In orient floods of light.

The glebe is plough'd, the clod crush'd fine,
The seed is 'neath the mould;
But show'rs must fall and suns must shine,
Ere turns the green to gold.

Beneath, the broad foundation grows
By slow and sure degrees,
Before the superstructure glows
With architrave and frieze.

The master architect, who built
The eighth, last hill of Rome,
Saw years of labor ere he gilt
The cross upon the dome.

The Master Teacher, though indued
With superhuman mind,
Spent thirty years in solitude
For three to save mankind.

W. M. MACKERACHER.

THE ARTSMAN'S WAIL.

The Medical building is stately,
The buildings for Science are grand.
There's nought that is wrong with the library,
But where does our Arts building stand?

'Tis true that we have wise professors:
To be sure we're proud of our Dean
But inches taller our grads would be
If Arts rose superb on the scene.

You may smile and think we're jesting,
But know that we write not in fun;
E'en fossils and worms have a building,
And our dear ruin is outdone.

J. Y. S., '97.

FOOTBALL.

THE NEW ASSOCIATION FOOT-BALL CLUB.

On Monday, the 12th inst., announcements appeared upon the notice-boards in the buildings of the different Faculties and affiliated colleges, of a mass-meeting of all Students interested in Association Football, to be held on the Tuesday evening following, in the central building. Accordingly, at 8 p. m. on Tuesday, a goodly number of men, many of whom had never met before, but who all were actuated by a love for the grand, old Association game, assembled in No. 1 Class-Room.

Mr. E. E. Howard, president of the Faculty of

Arts, was elected to the chair, and Mr. W. C. Sutherland appointed secretary of the meeting. The Chairman made a short address, in the course of which he explained what he had found to be the opinion of some of the Governors, Fellows and Rugby men and of the students in general, regarding the desirability of introducing the game into McGill, and the reasons that had induced him to put up the notices calling the lovers of the game together. Mr. H. B. Fraser, Med. '96, made a stirring address in favor of the immediate organization of an Association Club in McGill. He pointed out that, judging by present indications, the success of the game from the very beginning would be assured; that the game would be of great profit to hundreds of students who, for various reasons, did not play Rugby; and that McGill had ready material for one or more first-class teams. His address elicited enthusiastic applause, and the enthusiasm was raised to a still higher pitch by rousing speeches from Mr. A. P. Brace, Mr. W. C. Sutherland, Mr. A. F. Edwards, and others. When Mr. Edwards moved, seconded by Mr. Fraser, that the meeting proceed to organize an Association Foot-Ball Club in McGill University, the motion was carried with an enthusiasm which augured well for the future of the enterprise.

A lively discussion ensued respecting the best mode of procedure in the formation of a Club, but it was finally decided that the only feasible plan, considering the method upon which the sports of the University are now being conducted, was to form an organization independent of all other student organizations. Accordingly the meeting resolved to appoint a committee to draft a constitution and to draw up by-laws to be submitted for approval to a meeting to be called by the Chairman as soon as circumstances allowed.

The following men were elected to constitute the committee:—Messrs. A. F. Edwards Med. '96; Adam P. Brace, Theology, '95; and Hugh C. Fraser, B.A., Med. '96; while the Chairman, Mr. E. Edwin Howard, Arts '95, was instructed to act *ex-officio* on the committee.

The interest exhibited in the movement and the spirit of enthusiasm engendered by the meeting are highly gratifying to those who have the cause of Association Foot-Ball most at heart. The prospects for a successful organization in the University are very bright.

MCGILL vs. 'Varsity (Toronto)

The match between these two Universities, which is an annual event, but which was unfortunately not played last year, was played on Monday, Nov. 12th, on the M.A.A.A. grounds, in the presence of a few hundred spectators, the cold weather keeping away a large number. Unfortunately the match was to

some extent bereft of brilliant play, owing to there being about six inches of snow on the grounds. Considering these difficulties, the match was a good one, and was well contested until the last twenty minutes of the second half, when superior condition told and 'Varsity won, hands down, by 24 points to 6. The boys from 'Varsity have certainly got a very good fifteen, and play well together, their back division being especially strong. 'Varsity played a dribbling game mostly, and did this most effectually at times. Mr. Savage of the Montreal Club very kindly acted as referee, and Mr. Gordon Macdougall as umpire.

The following were the teams:

'Varsity.		McGill.
Norris.	Back	Brunnelle.
Gilmour.	½ Backs	Leslie.
Kingstone.		Drinkwater.
Campbell.		Dandurand.
Councell.	¼ Back	Davidson.
McRea.	Scrimmage	Gordon.
Mallock.		Drum (Cap.)
Jackson.		Grace.
Barr.	Wings.	Schwartz.
Laidlow.		Tees.
Kingstone.		Hill.
Draper.		A. Barclay.
Moss.		Turner.
Cloyes (Capt.).		J. Barclay.
Robinson.		Irving.

In the evening 'Varsity men were dined at the Queen's Hotel by the McGill Football Club. It was a pity that our guests had to leave that evening at 8.45, thereby curtailing many brilliant speeches and shortening what is one of the happiest features on these Intercollegiate matches, viz., the interchange of ideas and good wishes between the two Universities. Speeches were made by Messrs. McRea, president; Cloyes, Captain; McAllister, manager of 'Varsity; and by Messrs. Angus, president, and Drum, captain, of McGill. Messrs. Buchanan and Savage of the Montreal Club, and Mr. Gordon McDougall, president of the Quebec Rugby Football Union, also gave brief speeches. Songs were given by Messrs. McAllister and McRea of 'Varsity, and Messrs. Cowie and McDougall of McGill. At 8.30 all joined hands, and that old yet never forgotten "Auld Lang Syne" was sung very heartily. Then all adjourned to the Windsor Street Station, and gave the 'Varsity boys a farewell cheer. Some of the McGill team accompanied their 'Varsity friends as far as Montreal Junction.

ARTS '97 vs. SCIENCE '97.

On Friday, Nov. 9th, the "battle of the giants" took place on the campus, the giants being 2nd

Science against 2nd Arts. The match was a most interesting one in many ways, and was thoroughly enjoyed by a goodly number of enthusiastic undergraduates of both Faculties. The Science men won by 26 points to 8, which is by no means a good criterion of the play, as till within the last fifteen minutes of the match the play was very even. It was the superior condition of the Science men that told in the end, and the way the Arts boys went to pieces that won the match for Science. Such matches are excellent practice for men playing on any of the three teams. They also bring forth a great amount of hidden talent and the very thing needed for getting men out to play foot-ball.

For Arts, Hill was very brilliant, but C. Howard, Ker, McMaster and Trenholme played in great style. For Science, Messrs. Davidson, Drinkwater, Wilkinson and Burnham played very well.

SOCIETIES.

Y. M. C. A.

On the 11th inst. Sir William Dawson lectured on the subject, "Egypt in relation to Israel." He discussed three questions, When? How? and Why? did Israel go to Egypt? To the first question he answered that the actual sojourn of two hundred and sixteen years from Jacob to the Exodus began in the reign of the great Egyptian monarch Thothmes III. The immediate cause of thus going to Egypt was the ungenerous action of Joseph's brothers in selling him to the Medianite merchants. This crime was overruled for good by Providence. For it was apparently part of His plan that the chosen family should receive part of their training in Egypt. There they came in contact with a high state of civilization, and, moreover, owing to the conservatism of the Egyptians, they were more likely to preserve their identity, and be kept from the dangers of assimilation with heathen tribes to which they were exposed in Canaan.

On the 18th, Prof. Ross, B.D., again lectured on his former theme, "Progress in Revelation," as exemplified in the life of Moses. Moses he regarded as a very fitting person by whom the Lord might reveal still more of His will and attributes. In the incident of the burning bush the doubts and fears of Moses were allayed. The Lord there made known the grand destiny of His chosen people and also His own self-sufficiency and immutability. The Mosaic legislation and ceremonial institutions were also shown to be further revelations of God's will and character. And from the fact that there is progress in revelation, we may properly draw the inference that institutions

and customs which may have been allowed in early times are no longer in vogue when a more recent revelation clearly abrogates them. From the very nature of humanity God's moral government had to be a thing of gradual development. But that development has been certain, and should be recognized. Hence, to argue in favor of such things as slavery, polygamy, the unrestricted use of intoxicants as a beverage, is to ignore this principle, it is to turn the hands of time backwards by eighteen hundred or three thousand years.

These lectures are very interesting, and should receive the attention of all students who are interested in matters of deepest concern to the human race.

Meetings for next fortnight as follows:—

Nov. 25. The Chosen Nation, by Mrs. Ashley Carus-Wilson, B.A.

Dec. 2. The Miracles of the Exodus, by Sir Wm. Dawson, F.R.S., etc.

Next Sunday, after our regular meeting, Mr. Sherwood Eddy, a graduate of Yale, and now of Union Seminary, will speak on Foreign Missions. Every one should hear him.

MCGILL LITERARY SOCIETY.

The regular meeting of the Society was held on Friday evening, Nov. 9th, in No. 1 Class-room. President Hanson in the chair. The minutes of the last meeting were read by the Secretary, and confirmed.

The gentleman who was expected to give a reading was not present, so Mr. McMaster, of Arts '97, treated the meeting to a song, which called forth hearty applause. Mr. Tooke, Arts '95, then read an essay on the Psychology of Music.

The subject for debate was: "Resolved, that woman is the intellectual equal of man." Mr. Hopkins, Arts '95, opened the debate by defending the resolution, which he did in a very clear and forcible manner.

Mr. Symmes, Arts '95, then dealt with the question for the negative, and his remarks were very well rendered with a well-developed element of wit.

Mr. Hopkins for the affirmative was assisted by Messrs. McBean, Science '97, and Bishop, Arts '98, while Messrs. Bullock, Science '98, and Russel, Arts '97, spoke for the negative. At the close of the debate the meeting decided in favor of the affirmative. A pleasing feature in the debate was the manner in which Messrs. Bishop and Bullock discussed the subject at issue, which shows that the Society is to derive considerable assistance from the Freshmen of the two Faculties these gentlemen represent.

Mr. H. Young, Arts '95, then criticized the proceedings in an able and pleasing manner, after which the meeting adjourned.

A special meeting of this Society was held on Monday, November 12th, to consider the question of sending a representative to the annual dinner of the Literary Society of Trinity College, Toronto.

It was moved by Mr. Wallace, seconded by H. Young : "That we do not send a representative to this dinner." Moved in amendment by Mr. Sutherland, and seconded by Mr. E. E. Howard : "That as Mr. S. Graham has offered to go to Trinity College, paying one-half of his expenses himself, he be our representative."

The amendment was carried, the meeting then adjourned.

CLASSICAL CLUB.

The regular fortnightly meeting of the McGill Classical Club was held in the Classical Seminary room of the Library, Wednesday, November 14th, President Mackintosh presiding.

The committee had prepared an excellent programme, of which a pleasant feature was an essay on the Roman Theatres, by Mr. Ferguson, Arts '96.

Mr. A. C. Howard, Arts '97, then read a selection from Terrence with great feeling and expression.

The third and last item was the translation of Act III of Phormio. The following gentlemen took part : Mr. Mackintosh '95, Mr. W. G. Cole '96, Mr. Heine '98, Mr. D. W. Munn '98, Mr. A. C. P. Howard '97, Mr. H. Mackay '97, Mr. A. Ross '97, Mr. J. G. Saxe '97.

The strong reaction of an English motion of adjournment after such classic reading "knocked up" the members to such a degree, that it was some time before they were prepared to battle with such non-classical subjects as common "*windus rainaque*."

MCGILL MINING SOCIETY.

The regular fortnightly meeting of the McGill Mining Society was held in the old Science building, on Friday, November 9th. President Carlyle in the chair. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and adopted.

Mr. Whitehead moved, seconded by Mr. Hart, that the secretary correspond with the secretary of the General Mining Association of the Province of Quebec, and learn if they would propose some terms by which our Society could become affiliated with theirs.

The first part of the evening was taken up by Mr. Van Barneveld, who read a very instructive paper on Notes on the Vale Section of the Pictou Coal Fields.

The remainder of the evening was occupied by Mr. Mussen, Sc. '96, who read a very interesting and

instructive paper on Life in the Laurentian Seas. After some discussion on the papers by the President, Messrs. Whiteside, Hart and others, the meeting adjourned.

MEDICAL SOCIETY.

Since the last issue of THE FORTNIGHTLY, the Medical Society has held two meetings. The first meeting on Nov. 3rd was purely business, and the principal matter was the election of Arthur Gunn to fill the president's office, lately vacated by A. Cruikshanks.

The second meeting, Saturday, 17th inst., was the greatest success of the season, owing to the fact that James Stewart, M.D., had consented to lecture on the interesting subject of Hypnotism. At 8 o'clock p. m., when Dr. Stewart made his appearance, the largest lecture theatre in the building was packed to overflowing with professors and students from all Faculties and many outsiders who were attracted by the announcement of the subject. Doctor Stewart treated the subject in an exhaustive manner, but regretted that he was unable to procure a suitable subject for demonstration.

He began, after the applause had ceased, by explaining the mechanism of the little instrument (Sarco's) which he uses for this work. It consists principally of a small, bright, metallic ball, which is so supported from the head of the patient that it hangs about 3 inches in front of and about 2 inches above the eyes. The patient gazes steadfastly upon this bright ball, and in a few seconds, or minutes at most, he succumbs to the effects, and slumbers. The explanation of this phenomenon, according to Heidenhain, consists in the tiring of the nerves, which secondarily affects the cortex of the cerebrum in such a manner as to inhibit the functions of the governing centres. Not only will this gazing on a bright object produce the hypnotic effects, but fright, ringing of gongs and bells, etc., may produce them.

The different stages of Hypnotism according to degrees of profoundness are :—

- 1st. Drowsiness, either slight or deep.
- 2nd. Cataleptic ; characterized by a sleepy feeling and the tendency of limbs to remain in any position in which they are placed.
- 3rd. Automatic obedience ; in which patient will comply with any suggestions.
- 4th. Anæsthetic ; all sensation to pain is lost.
- 5th. Somnambule ; slight or deep. When patient awakes, after having passed through these last two stages, he does not remember his actions. Slight operations can be performed in these stages.

Sarco, the great French specialist, has noticed that of 1000 persons he could not hypnotize 37. He

could carry 450 through the 1st stage; 353 through 2nd and 3rd stages, and 160 through the last two stages. This proves that most people can be hypnotized—at least, to a certain extent. The East Indians are specially prone to hypnotism, even 50 per cent. to 60 per cent. may be carried to the stages when operations can be performed.

The phenomena of Hypnotism are of various kinds. The senses may be modified: increased, diminished or perverted. The sensation of touch may be modified: the muscles of the body may become completely under the control of the hypnotizer. If it is suggested to a patient that he has a blister on his arm, he may awake to find it so. All the muscles may be paralysed, leaving the patient helpless. But the principal phenomena are delusions, hallucinations and illusions. Patient may be made to eat imaginable oysters, or relish onions as if they were apples, or drink water and claim that it is champagne, or again he may drink a glass of beer, and if told that it is an emetic, antiperistalsis will result.

Many objections to the use of Hypnotism therapeutically are advanced. However, nothing in science is ever advanced without adverse criticism, and this criticism, together with stimulated scientific investigations, always leads to the success of science. The dangers of this practice, when used therapeutically and by an honest and clever person, are reduced to a minimum. If the patient happens to be ill afterwards, the ignorant person will blame the hypnotism on the same grounds that "the inhabitants of a certain village in France ceased eating a certain kind of soup, because an elderly lady who had eaten of this soup fell downstairs a short while afterwards and was killed." If proper suggestions are made and if the patient is wakened slowly, no bad results can occur.

Hysteria, nervous dyspepsia, neurasthenia, etc., can be completely cured by proper handling and suggestions. Sixty-five to seventy-five per cent. of people can be hypnotized, and most neurotics can be hypnotised to the last stages, and are consequently more easily cured. All kinds of pain, neuralgia, sleeplessness, loss of appetite, chorea, etc., may be soothed and influenced with much benefit. Insane persons are difficult to hypnotize; however, the more acute and slighter cases may be benefited. Even in the first stage much good can be done by proper and healthy suggestions. It is in hysterical diseases that most good can be done. Dr. Stewart passed around some photographs of a sailor whose arm had been so paralyzed while at sea that he was unable to work. The sailor was brought to the Montreal General Hospital, and came under Dr. Stewart's notice. From the manner of the contraction of the

paralyzed arm, he recognized at once that it was of hysterical origin, and after hypnotizing him only five times he effected a complete cure. Of late years alcoholism is being treated by hypnotic suggestions, but as a rule these are not cured, because they are either organically diseased, or the hypnotic influence of their friends "calls them back again." Again, unless an individual is willing and desirous of being hypnotized, the experiment is impossible.

At the close of the lecture, Dr. Stewart was most enthusiastically applauded. He had delivered a most interesting and instructive lecture.

MONTREAL VETERINARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION.

The regular meeting of the Association was held in the Lecture room, 6 Union ave., Thursday evening, 15th inst. The Experimental Committee submitted a report in which some experiments on the physiological action and therapeutic value of antipyretics were outlined for the ensuing year.

Dr. N. D. Gunn was elected to honorary membership, also one new active member was admitted. After elections, Mr. Cleaves read a paper on Glanders. The intense virulence, fatal issue, and ready communicability of this disease mark it as one of the most important with which the veterinarian has to deal. Mr. Cleaves' thorough paper was of much service in adding to the knowledge of the student audience.

Mr. Cutting reported a case of Tympanites in a horse. Dr. McEachran made a few remarks upon the lung lesions of pleuro-pneumonia in explanation of a painting of the lung in which a piece of thorn had lodged, and produced almost identical changes.

The Association will hold the next meeting on Thursday, 29th inst.

SOCIETY FOR THE STUDY OF COMPARATIVE PSYCHOLOGY.

The above named Society met last Tuesday evening, at No. 6 Union ave., with the President, Dr. Wesley Mills, in the chair.

After roll call and transaction of general business, Mr. C. H. Zink read an exceedingly interesting paper on the subject of Fear, in which he described the physical and psychical manifestations of this emotion.

An animated discussion followed the reading of the paper, in which a number of the members took part.

The President spoke in eulogistic terms of the original and scientific treatment of the subject by Mr. Zink, and expressed himself as of the opinion that it

was the best paper that had ever been read before the Society.

Messrs. Lehnert and Thurston will read at the next meeting.

DELTA SIGMA SOCIETY.

"If you have tears, prepare to shed them now," ye Donaldas who were not at our last meeting! The life and writings of a woman poet surely interest all college women, and especially when treated in the excellent way in which they were at this meeting. The Life of Elizabeth Barret Browning was the subject of Miss Galt's essay, and her poems that of Miss Holden's. A thorough knowledge and love of the subject as well as much critical ability were displayed in these essays so greatly enjoyed by those *present*. From these intellectual heights we descended to our "little nonsense now and then," namely, an impromptu debate:—Resolved, that the World would be Unendurable without Pins. Miss Ross and Miss M. Cameron upheld the affirmative; Miss Walbridge and Miss Pitcher the negative. The negative won by such a large majority that the "slovenly," "dangerous," "wrath-producing" pin will never again dare to show his shiny head within our walls.

And now, ye Absentees, what more could we offer you? We have wept over "The Cry of the Children," and you have not wept with us; we have laughed, and you did not make merry with us.

Were you being "educated" in the meantime? Let Wordsworth speak to you about education:

"Enough of science and of art;
Close up these barren leaves;
Come forth and bring with you a heart
That listens and receives."

CLASS REPORTS.

FEATHERS FROM EAST WING.

Junior, translating: "Ein wohlhabender Mann, und noch ledig," "a well-off man and still free."

Professor: "Oh, no; a bachelor."

Junior: "What's the difference?"

Second Junior: "Und was das Beste dabei ist," "what would the beast gain by it?"

Donaldas, translating: "L'appétit vient à manger," "The little one comes eating."

The Donaldas are watching with interest the development of the scheme for a skating rink in the college grounds, as it is the only college sport they might be able to join in.

We hope, when our minds are freed from their present weighty responsibility, namely, the task of paying for our piano, to form a glee club that will bring forth much hidden talent and develop musical ability.

What an "unprincipaled" place McGill still is!

From a cockney:

My first is a bird as 'ops,
My second grows has hany other crops,
My ole is heat with mutton chops."—Answer.

LEGAL BRIEFS.

We hear that the few specimens of reportorial wit which have found their way into our column up to date have had a most depressing effect upon the Freshmen. Last issue's instalment of poetry, we believe, especially, spread disorder among the new contingent. We sympathize as to the first, and desire to offer a few words explanatory as to the latter. As to the poetry then, why should the old and highly respectable Faculty of Law take a back seat in matter of college verse? Have not the Vets. their poetaster, and what may we not expect from Science and Medicine? as to Arts we have long watched with admiration and delight the career of Cap'n Goun in the realm of rhyme. He is copious, ready, regular, and he rhymes. Long may he flourish to sing college event. So long then as the college authorities do not intervene to suppress the tribe, the Law Class Reporter claims the right to grind his little verse. But we hasten to assure the First Year men that the worst is over—the ice has been broken, and after the first shock they will inure to it. We took the precaution to interlard our last with prose, and we hereby engage not to spring any of the "Simon pure" on the class without two full weeks' notice.

As to the wit—here we sympathize. Let us give these novel gentlemen a morsel of good advice culled from our personal experience. In our first year we felt the identical feeling complained of. It was in fact a nervous disorder recurring every two weeks—in a word, the regular and systematic prosecution of our studies was threatened by every issue of the FORTNIGHTLY. We were determined, however, that the effusions of the class room wit should not upset us in our pious intention to absorb the principles of law, and consequently we took heroic measures. Before opening the FORTNIGHTLY we made sure that our supply of *pain killer* was not in need of replenishment and that hot water and lemons were within easy reach. Having taken these wise and necessary precautions, we sat down and faced the Legal Briefs. Fortified from without as indicated, and possessed inwardly with a dogged determination to win, it is not reasonable to suppose that we failed. We triumphed. We fought and worried through every joke and class room witticism, and came out on top. As time passed, we became more seasoned to the semi-mensual flow of jocularly, and of course as our knowledge of the enemy increased the advantage

was on our side. Towards Xmas the precautionary measures alluded to were dispensed with, and in April we could read the Legal Briefs in the class room, and no thought of having a fit or of having to be carried out into the open air ever once occurred to us.

Try Davis' white painkiller, gentlemen; it's a great nerve fortifier.

The old boys drop in occasionally to see us. Last week we were favored with a visit from the medalist and the valedictorian of the class of '94, Messrs. Hogle and MacDougall.

Theatre night proved one thing, viz., that the Faculty of Law has the best Faculty cry of the University; as it may not be familiar to the Third Year men, we give it in full:—

Law, Law, Law,
Rhymes with jaw
Hip, Hip, Hurrah!
Law!

What some deluded people think:—

1. That the graduating class in Law will not work next year.
2. That there is a royal road to study Law.
3. That the Law students have not much work to do.
4. That the Faculty owl is not all right.
5. That the Faculty of Law has not its own Sin(n).
6. That the freshmen are not working.
7. That the boys will pass the Xmas Exams.

A meeting of the Moot Court was held on the 8th instant, Prof. Lafleur presiding. The subject discussed was one on Community of Property, and was argued in remarkably good style.

Messrs. E. B. Devlin and C. Mansur for Plaintiffs, and Messrs R. Barron and C. Duclos for Defendants.

ARTS NOTES.

Professor (holding up a piece of chalk): "The earth is attracting this chalk towards itself, but it is also being attracted towards the chalk."

Student: "Then, sir, you are lifting the earth?"

Professor: "Hem! just so."

The Fourth Year held a meeting to make arrangements concerning the Class Photo. The general opinion seemed to be, that the matter should be arranged as early as possible, but Mr. S—th objected. "Have you not observed," said he, "that Mr. R—s and myself, the two best looking men in the Year, have just started dainty mustaches? It would be a shame to have the Photo. taken before they have had time to develop." T—m: "Could they not be painted on?"

Classical Prof.: "Gentlemen, in looking over your exercises, I noticed what the scholiast called *magna consensio manuscriptorum*. We desire individual work."

"The human frame," said the Professor in Mechanics, "is constructed on the worst principle for securing mechanical advantage. To secure this, we should be built on the principle of derricks and cranes, which might cause us inconvenience in some other respects."

Some College (?) bard has given us Freshmen a bit of advice that may be deemed salutary by many. Nevertheless, your reporter must take his chance of being dubbed "cheeky" and do a little horn-blowing on behalf of his Year. He would have it known to the readers of the FORTNIGHTLY that out of twenty-three points won by Arts on Sports' Day, sixteen fell to the credit of the First Year. Those who were so earnest in their appeals to "the Babies," to enter in as many events as possible, "in order to pile up a score for Arts," must have been struck dumb at the result of their efforts. They have been silent on the subject ever since.

Without wishing to be too severe on the highly intelligent Sophomores, your reporter wishes to remark that it is a great pity to rank the Sophs.' yell among those things which are "always good." It really smacks of something we have heard before. Let us have more originality, as, for example:

Biff! Bang!! Blow!!!
Ha! He!! Ho!!!
Nonaginta octo!
Arts!!!

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

C.....e '95 (ambitious to gather whatever fragments of knowledge may come his way): "How many volts are there in an ampere?"

One of the most attractive features of our College life is the firm friendships formed here; and often when the Final Year is reached certain pairs of Students become almost inseparable. A practical demonstration of this is daily noticeable in certain members of '95 whose continually expressed desire is "come to me" or "I'll go to you."

Henry Herdts, Sc. '93, has just reached Paris by the SS. "Vancouver." He will spend a few months visiting relations in company with his brother Louis (also Sc. '93), who has recently graduated with honors from the Institut Montefiore, and is about to enter the Engineering corps of the French army.

MEDICAL REPORTS.

The latest and most interesting topic is the announcement of the annual dinner of the Meds., which will be held at the St. Lawrence Hall, on Thursday, the 29th inst. This practice of holding an annual dinner dates back to the Archæan period of the College history, and has always been the grandest event of the scholastic year. It is the one occasion in the year when the Freshmen and Sophs. can come with impunity in presence of the Professors, and forget the physiological relation between an overloaded stomach and nightmare. Even the stolid Seniors and Finals think not of the misery of the dyspeptics whom they see at the Out-door; and the Professors themselves heartily join with their medical offspring in enjoying the delicious delusiveness of culinary art.

All restraint is put aside, and the Professor discusses with the Freshman the good dishes before them. In fact, this is the unique occasion for bringing together, in an amicable manner, the students and professors, in one homogeneous mass, the results of which are most desirable and beneficial.

We hope that all the Students will attend and make this event a rousing success.

The dinner officials elected from the Fourth Year are:

John Tees, president; A. A. MacLeay and H. Hogle, management committee; J. H. Allen and R. Neil, reception committee.

With John Tees, the veteran athlete, presiding over this event, nothing could be more satisfactory; for, considering his capacity for eating, etc., we feel sure he will set an example sufficient to satisfy the most voracious individual. The others are also most capable to fill their several offices.

We notice a subscription list, in connection with the skating rink scheme, hanging on our notice board and inviting signatures. Many are signing it, and enthusiastically wishing it to materialize.

The elections for two representatives for the dinner, and one for the Reception Committee from the Third Year, took place on the 12th inst.; each was hotly contested, and resulted as follows:—

D. D. McTaggart, B.A.Sc.; W. N. Kendrick, Dinner Committee; R. B. Whyte, Reception Committee.

Mr. McTaggart is he, to whom, it will be remembered, so much of the success of our dinner of 1893 was due, and who has had so much experience in this direction; and Mr. Kendrick, who is untiring in his efforts for the benefit of his class. That the dinner will be a good one and the interests of the Third Year will be well looked after goes without saying. In Mr. Whyte for the reception, we have a man who is in every way capable of upholding with all credit the time-honored reputation of McGill Medicals for hospitality and *bonhomie*.

Professor, emphatically: "It is an accepted fact that cerebral abscesses occur twice as often in the cerebrum than in the cerebellum;" and the guileless students wrote it down.

COMPARATIVE MEDICINE CLASS REPORTS.

After considerable delay the course of lectures on Pharmacology and Therapeutics has been arranged in what we hope will prove a satisfactory manner. A strong feeling of respect and confidence on the one hand, and interest and consideration on the other, seems to be growing among the Students and Faculty. Harmony is the watchword of the hour, and all is merry "as a marriage bell."

Dr. R. H. Grattan, '94, of Preston, Minn., has suffered from a severe attack of paralysis of the lower limbs, but is now on the road to recovery.

Dr. Geo. A. Miller, '91, made a short visit to Montreal during last week.

Dr. Bryden is slowly recovering from his severe illness.

Ben B. is still studying the Race Problem—how to get to breakfast and back in ten minutes.

Mamma: "Daughter, Mr. *Dryston* must not call if he remains until midnight."

Daughter: "Why, mamma, what makes you think he stays so late?"

Mamma: "I heard him say as he left you last night 'just one'."

In Botany class:—

H—ll: "Are names grown upon a pumpkin necessarily the result of writings on the parent seed?"

Prof.: "I believe the writings have the same origin as the dates of laying inscribed on eggs in grocery shops."

Chemistry "Sup" Two Dollars great!
The destiny of student's fate;
To escape thee one must flee
On the back of one's pony.

Although the dangers are not few
Yet some in safety journey through;
And if the way be rough and stony,
All depends upon the pony.

One of the Third Year men will shortly publish the result of his studies on the "Somnambulism of the Amœba."

A feeling is current among the Second Year men that the course in Practical Chemistry should be added to the list of First Year subjects.

A CHRISTMAS SOUVENIR.

The Publishers of the *Metropolitan*, Montreal's society and literary journal, are issuing a Christmas number, which will be ready on December 4th, and from all accounts will be a work of art, besides being half the price of the other annuals. Mr. W. M. Mackeracher, B.A., formerly editor of the FORTNIGHTLY, is contributing several choice poems which are a credit to him and to old McGill. The number will contain articles, stories and poems by some of Canada's shining literary lights, as will be seen from the table of contents which we publish herewith.

THE CHRISTMAS "METROPOLITAN."

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

- Christmas*—Poem by Geo. Murray, F.R.S.C. Full page magnificently illustrated.
- The Magic Fiddler*—By J. M. Lemoine, F.R.S.C. A *Mardi Gras* Legend of the St. Lawrence.
- Origin of the Significance of Parliamentary Rules in Canada*—By Dr. J. M. Bourinot, Clerk of the House of Commons.
- Recollections of Oliver Wendell Holmes*—By Geo. Stewart, D.C.L. This sketch is largely made up of unpublished letters of the late Autocrat.
- "*Bébé*"—Poem founded on Ouida's celebrated story, by A. G. Doughty, M.A.
- The Bride's Tragedy*—A tale of Italy, by Geo. Murray, F.R.S.C.
- The Masque of Time*—Poem illustrating the months of the year, by Arthur Weir.
- Within a Year*—A beautiful story by "Galatea," one of Canada's leading writers.
- The New Old Story*—By W. M. MacKeracher, B.A.
- Marguerite*—By Miss Helen Fairbairn, a story of to-day.
- Rose-Perdita*—By Miss Beatrice Glen Moore, a tale of French Canada.
- A Beautiful Story*—(Name not yet known), by Dr. W. G. Beers.
- How I was Unmasked*—By Edgar Smith, a comic sketch.
- Christmas Eve*—Poem by John Macfarlane.
- A Bluebell*—Poem by Robert Reid.
- Winter Woods*—Poem by Keppell Strange.

It will be seen from the above that the Christmas *Metropolitan* will, besides being a work of art, be a veritable literary treasure, which the McGill Professors as well as the Students will wish to keep.

Take, for example, the article by Dr. Bourinot. This celebrated writer is the best authority in Canada on Parliamentary rules and proceedings, and the "Origin of the Significance" is at the same time instructive and deeply interesting.

Then, again, note the sketch by Dr. Stewart of Quebec: Unpublished Letters of Oliver Wendell Holmes, with comments by the writer, who was a close friend of the late autocrat. This will be appreciated by at least all literary people.

Mr. J. M. LeMoine's sketch is humorous and worthy of the eminent author.

Mr. Geo. Murray's writings are too well known in Montreal to require much comment; suffice to say that "The Bride's Tragedy" is one of his best stories.

Dr. Beers is without doubt one of the most pleasing writers in Canada, and his story for the Christmas *Metropolitan* will be read with the greatest intensity by everyone. The McGill Boys, however, know the Doctor, and will ferret out his writings.

Messrs. A. G. Doughty, M.A., Arthur Weir and the other contributors have done themselves credit in the number.

The whole work will be magnificently illustrated, while the cover is the finest that ever appeared on a Canadian Christmas annual.

The Supplement, entitled "Types of Canadian Beauty," will be a beautiful group of faces composed of portraits of Montreal Society belles and those of other cities. Needless to say, this novel and pretty idea will be much better liked than a gaudy chromo.

The whole number will consist of twenty-four pages, supplement and cover, and will be sold tubed and ready for mailing for 25 cents. December 4th is the date fixed for the publication, but as the edition will be limited, it is safer to order in advance from newsdealers. The number will prove a prettier and more acceptable gift than a card, while the price is merely nominal, viz., 25 cents. This will be the only Christmas number published in Montreal this year, and it will be thoroughly Canadian in every respect.

The name of W. T. Carleton, the well known baritone, connected with any musical enterprise is a sufficient guarantee that the organization is above reproach. The eminent singer heads the list of artists who will appear at the Academy of Music for one week, commencing Monday, Nov. 26, with Matinee Saturday, with the Carleton Comedy Opera Company. The entertainment promised is of a highly refined character, comprising two complete comedy operas from the pen of the late Alfred Cellier, the famous composer of *Dorothy*. The Spectre Knight will be given as a curtain raiser, followed by The Charity Girls. The first is constructed on romantic lines, and affords Mr. Carleton excellent range for his rich and flexible voice. In this opera he takes the role of Otho the lover of Viola. The latter part is sung by Miss Rena Atkinson of London. It is rich in melody and pleasing situations. The Spectre Knight will be followed by the Charity Girls, a genuine comic opera in one act, with choruses and all the action and funny situations of the modern production. Mr. Carleton sings the role of Bumpus, the unpleasant beadle, to the Susan of Miss Ada Walker of London. Both operas were originally produced in London with great success where they ran for 600 nights. They were then taken to New York and had an unprecedented run of 450 nights.

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